

(11) 14

MEMORIES

OF
The Life of the Famous
MADAM CHARLTON;
Commonly Stiled the
German Princess.

Setting forth the whole Series of her Actions, with all
their Intrigues, and subtile Contrivances from her Cradle
to the fatal period of her Reign at *Tiburn*.

Being an account of her Penitent behaviour, in her abstaining
from food and rest, in the Prison of *Newgate*, from the time
of her Condemnation; to her Execution, *January 23. 1672.*

Taken from her own Relation, whilst she was Prisoner in the
Marshalls, and other certain information.

With her Nativity Astrologically handled, and an
Epitaph on her Tomb.



London, Printed for *Philip Neale*, next door to the Balling
Wash-Smith-field, near the Hospital-Gate. 1673.

MEMORIES

The Life of the Famous
ADAM CHARTON

General Principles

...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...



London: Printed by ...
... 17...



THE
LIFE
OF THE
German Princes, &c.

TIs no wonder the World is full of Impostors, since it's self a at full value is but a Cheat. Nature has her Brilow-stones, as well as Diamonds, and though these carry no proportion of solid worth with Real Gems, yet they have something that glitters, and surprizes almost as much: A bold Meteor exhal'd from Bogs or Dunghills, hurried by a giddy motion to the upper Region, may out-beard the Sun, and with a Prodigious Blaze, attract more eyes, and wonder, then all the glorions Lamps of Heaven: some people posselt with a strange Phrensie of ambition, regard not what they do or suffer, so they may but make noise enough. And *Dianna's* Temple (though one of the Worlds wonders) shall be burned to gain an Herostatus an infamous

Our

Our present Celebrated, yet unhappy subject the Notorious *GERMAN PRINCESS* was too much of this gay flanting humour, her towering spirit was too large for her narrow fortunes, whose short wings she strove to imput with the gawdy plume of ingenious deceits, and thereby vainly thought to have soared in a higher sphere of reputation, above the groveling Level of the vulgar Rabble.

Her aims were great and high, but dazzled with false appearances, she mist the proper means to attain them; For despairing to arrive at glory, by the difficult, yet only direct Road of virtue, she fondly pursued it in the crooked By-paths of subtilty, and Circumventing all that approach'd her: Whereby although she brought her self to the Justice of an Igominious Death, yet in this her ambition might be a little gratified, that she has afforded matter of discourse to the whole Nation, and set all the Tongues of Fame on work to tell stories of her.

To say where she was born is a little difficult, since as many Towns lay claim to that honour, as there did Cities in the days of *Tro* fall together by the ears, about the Birth-place of *Homer*: Nor are the Heralds less at variance concerning her Pedigree and Bearing.

Some alledge that she was only Daughter to the great Duke of *Quadenia*, and Heiress to vast Territories of his, in the Mountains of the Moan. Others, that she was born at *Cullen* in *Germany*, the Daughter of an advocate, who left her the proper inheritance of his profession, a large portion of Confidence, and a voluble charming Tongue. Not want there some serious Coffee-drinkers, who will depose, they knew her Father a *Scotch Peeler*, who rambling abroad stole a mighty Jewel, that weigh'd four pounds and a half out of the grand Seignours Turbant, and was for that (like *Satanstoe Levi*) Head alive, till he dyed at *Constantinople*.

But

But the most credible and currant opinion, is that the World was first bliged with her presence at *Canterbury in Kent*, being the generous off-spring of a jolly Fidler; one so excellently skilled in the Melodious Art, that like a second *Orpheus* he has often drawn hither all the Brutes and Savages about the Town to admire and dance after the harmony of his Crowd; for whose better accommodation, her mother sold a cup of nappy Ale, and lived by these two excellent Mysteries to the envy of most of their Neighbours.

As for the Age of our Illustrious *Hervina* any man might guess of late by her aspect that it was somewhat above Thirty years since her loving Parents made use of the means to beget her.

But I that am curious to gratifie inquisitive Readers in such weighty circumstances, can be much more exact, having received from a very able Artist the Scheme or Figure of the Heavens at the moment of her birth, which I could not but publish to the World for the sake of the Studious Artest, as not knowing wheth^r in any of the numerous Nativities obruded on the World, there be anything more of truth, or that so remarkably demonstrates the variety of celestial influentes and Infalibility of the star reading Art.

Born she was the 10th of *April 1639*. At which time (as those that are capable to judge, will find, if they please to erect the Figure) the Princely Sign α ascends, and the Sun Lord of it posited with β in the House of Honour: This speaks the Native, Brave, Magnanimous, Majesticks and Ingenious to afflict. The second argues her perpetual wanton desire, at least of money, occasioned by her own profuseness; which fly *Mercury* prompts her to supply by irregular courses, the ascendent coming by direction to the square of *Mars* (which happens in *Leo*, *Leo* in the second, and just now began to operate) pronounces her fatal

Doom by the hand of Justice, and Sentence of a Magistrate, as \odot in the 10th. very oppositely shews.

But to proceed---- Scarce had our famous Native took leave of her standing stool, and got the use of her prattling Tongue, but she began to promise something more than ordinary in all her words and gestures.

At Five years Age she read English perfectly, and play'd with rare dexterity on the Virginals and Violins; she would always obtrude her self into the company of the best Children in the City, with whose Relations, her winning Disportment, and ingenious answers on all occasions, soon did ingratiate her, insomuch that several persons of good quality frequently took her home as a Play-mate for their little ones for a week together: Nor was her Infant fingers (if report speak true) free from Biddline, and that attractive quality, which could even then sily convey any pretty thing she lik'd, without the least suspicion or discovery: She ever was (like most of her Sex) a great lover of finery, and would therefore with a very good grace either beg, or by some other Mercurial stratagem procure cloaths above her fathers Purse or Condition, but had an irreconcilable Aversion to all kind of laborious drudgery, and many a pich Batrel there happened betwixt her mother and she on that occasion, till the prudent old Matron perceiving that this busie little Bee brought most Honey to the Hive from abroad (for she never returned home but fraught with a large charge of Victuals, Cloaths, or other more considerable prize) quietly permitted her to make use of her Talent, which she so improved, as in short time to grow very expert in Writing, Dancing, Singing, and all curiosities of the Needle, all which she attain'd by her own happy ingenuity, that seem'd (like the Philosphers first matter) capable of all forms,
and

and rendred every thing she saw done easie for her to imitate.

Thus she continued till she was entered into her fourteenth year, when a young Lady in her journey to Dover, in Order to Embarque for France, coming to Canterbury resolved to spend a few days in viewing the Antiquities of that Eminent Place, and especially the Renowned Cathedral, which yet some rude Sacrilegious hands had then lately Rob'd of its chiefest beauties; *Confident* Mall (for by that name was our Princess then generally called) understanding this Lady intended for France, having dress'd her self to the best advantage, goes to her Lodging, and being admitted to her presence, briskly acquaints her, That she was a *Poor Mans Child* of that City, and though her Education had not been costly, she had some small smattering in those common qualities that *Embellish a Woman*; For the Refineing and perfecting which, she had a great desire to serve some person of Quality, and never wish'd for any thing with more passion, then that she might have an opportunity to visit France, whither she heard her Ladyship was then going, and that if her Ladyship would please to admit her to wait on her thither, she would by her future services endeavour to merit pardon for the boldness, of the present Addresses.

The Lady not a little surprized to hear such a request so handsomely express'd by a meer Stranger so young, ask'd her several questions, whereof some perhaps might be impertinent as any thing in this Narrative, and therefore we shall omit them here.

But in fine, she took her in, as part of her retinue, and with that Family, within three weeks after she arriv'd at Paris. She is now in that *Academy of Esop*.

*In France ! the staple of new Modes,
 Where Garbs and Meens are currant Goods,
 That serve the under Northern Nations,
 With Methods of address and Treat,
 Prescribes new Garnitures and fashions,
 And how to drink : and how to eat,
 No out of fashion Wine or Meat.
 To know the Age and Pedigrees,
 Of Points, of Flanders, and Venice :
 To affect the purest negligences :
 To read the most Authentick of Romances,
 And to demonstrate with substantial reason,
 What Ribbons all the year are in and out of season.*

Here she continued four years, high in her Ladies favour, during which time she made her self Mistress of that Courty language, and the French assurance which our young Gallants travel to acquire, in her was natural.

She was at that age a plump succulent Girl, with a face no way contemptible, but a fine Wit, a charming Tongue, and a humour so brisk and gay, as if no other Elements but fire and Air had club'd to her composition.

These attractions, and her petulant deportment drew on a number of Monsierrs to Court her, for that Trifle which men so much covet to enjoy, and women to be rid of, but she like a discreet market-woman plotting to sell her ware to the best advantage, received them all equally with promising smiles, and dispensed the same endearing Careless to every one. This brought her in a large Harvest of presents; and the better

better to draw them in she would for such a Diamond Ring, rich Bracelet, or Necklace of Pearl, promise some Cully the great kindness, but be sure beforehand would order one of their other Maids always at the time and place appointed, to disturb and prevent the assignation.

Amongst the rest a dapper Tailor that work'd to her Lady would needs have been tampering with her forebodies, and though she scorned his louzy addressses, and had often sharply repulst him, yet he presenting her still with his importunities, she resolving to be reveng'd on his sawsiness, pretends to comply, and for the value of Threescore Crowns to be paid in hand, promises to let him in at a back-door about midnight to her embraces. The overjoyed Taylor pawning some odd moveables he had, raises the same, and gave it her, but being that morning to carry home some Garmentes of her Ladies to alter, she cunningly wrapt up therein two or three pieces of her Ladies plate, which he coming home found with great admiration, but fancying 'twas only a frolique of his Mistresses kindness to return him part of satisfaction for the threescore Crowns he had given her, without acquainting any body, lays them up, and with much impatience waits for the blessed hour. That night she (who had the charge of every thing) stayd up late, left the back-door and two other doors unlock'd, and subtilly taking away the rest of her Ladies Plate, to a great value, hid it in a place, whence she might at any time secretly remove it. Then to bed she goes, but keeps her self awake with laughing till she hears her eager Gallant entered the house, and groping in the dark in the Chamber next to her, where the Plate usually stood: then all on a sudden she cries out as loud as she could bellow, *Thieves, Thieves. Poor Stitch*

Stitch amaz'd at the unexpected outcry, had almost bewray'd himself, and spoil'd the room through the excess of his fears, but she continuing her dreadful exclamations, he found no hopes of safety but in speedy flight, which he no sooner attempts, but mi-stepping rould down headlong a whole pair of stairs, to the great damage of his shins and elbows, and rising with an excellent dexterity at botrom, unhappily run his noddle against a cruel post, which cut his forehead almost to the skul, and thus rufully mauld, with much adoe made his escape.

In the mean time the Alarm is taken, the Ladies frighted, the people of the house get up, and finding the doors open, and all the Plate gone: Mistress *Mary* protests she is almost frighted out of her wits, and hoarse with crying out, that she heard the Rogues very plain, that one tumbled down stairs, and she supposed hurt himself, for she heard him cry, *Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!* and was confident it was no other voice then her Ladies Tailors, who by his familiarity in the house might have got false keys, &c.

Loath they were to suspect him, but her evidence perswades them however for satisfaction to get an Officer to search his house next morning, whom they find in his bed all be-moerified, and three pieces of plate with the Ladies Arms on it, in his Trunk. The amazed fellow in vain makes protestations of his innocence: before a Magistrate he is carried, who threatens him with the wrack to discover the residue of the plate, and his Confederates, but at the good natur'd Ladies request that was waved, and he only censured to be branded, and soundly whip'd, which being executed accordingly our merciless Princess to upbraid the afflicted innocent, very gravely asks whether such a cure of the Lethcherous Itch was not well worth 60 Crown.

At last her Lady taking some notice of her extravagancies, they part, not without some disadvantage to the Lady: and our Lady Brant returns for *England*, and for a small time lives very soberly at *Canterbury*, where a Shoemaker that had a very good stock of money falls in love with her, and by his importunities and her father's, she is prevailed with to Marry him: But their Nuptial bed was scarce warm, when her active Genius weary of such a dull life began to plot to shift the Scene; and thereupon carrying it exceeding gently to her husband without suspicion, whilst he is from home she packs up the best of her apparel; and all the money she had, being about 14 pounds, and slips to *Margaret*, and thence to *Harwich*, where getting a Maid as good as her self, she in the Packet-boat, crosses to *Holland*, takes a Noble Lodging at *Amsterdam*, and assumes the quality of a great *English Lady*, by the Title of *Duchess of Rumford*; that for some particular reasons desired to remain there a while Incognito.

Here she sends for an eminent Jeweller, who several times attended her, and at last she made choice of as many Jewels as she bargained to pay him two thousand pounds for; but told him she had not money at present, and therefore desired she might seal them up in that box which he used to bring them in, and that he would keep them for her three weeks, in which time at farthest her money would be returned, and not offer to dispose of them till then. Whereas she having observed the box at his several comings, had in the mean time caused another to be made exactly like it, and kept it by her ready sealed up, and when he gave her his to seal by an excellent Legerdemain she put the charge upon him, and soon after removed into *England*, leaving poor Sweating *Hans* at the three weeks end to look for his Chapwoman, and open his sealed box, where he finds nothing but a few small Pebbles, and these Lines in *English*.

Myna

*Myne Heer ! I thank you for your Indian Ware,
 For since your Nation seeks to rook us there
 In gross ; This petty retail cheat may pass,
 At just Reprisalls,-----So Adieu Van As.*

From *Amsterdam* she comes to *London*, gives out she is a Country Gentlewoman, and an Heiress to a great fortune in *Leicestershire*, which drew an old Miserly Bricklayer to court her, who fancying the Chymistry of her Wit might Extract some Elixar of Profit out of that withered Picture of Time (as she used to call him) receives his Addresses, and at last Marries him, but after a Fortnights time marcht off with neer two hundred Peices of his Idolized Gold, and takes a Lodging neer *Smithfield*, where she met with a rich Grasiere's son of *Rumney-Marsh* in *Kent*: And making him believe she was an Eminent Citizens Daughter, inveigled him to be a Suitor to her, with whom after several treats in Town, she attended with her Maid, goes down to *Gravesend*; There he spends all the Money he had taken for his Cattel in *London*, and then she takes him aboard a Ship, makes him drunk with a Bowl or two of Punch, takes ten Guinies of the Master for him, and leaves him fast asleep, bound to seek his Fortunes at *Barbado's*. But just as the Tiltboat went off, and she was returning for *London*, she sends a Letter to the Mayor of *Gravesend*, (who by that Office is a Justice of Peace) in her Cullies Name, intreating his assistance to bring him off, which the Mayor did, and the Master had his share in the Cheat as well as the Countryman.

Flusht with these late Successes she lays the Plot of a Noble Comedy, which conferred on her the gay Title of
 GER-

GERMAN PRINCES ever after; All the way in her Passage she spoke either Dutch or Broken English, and pretended she was just come from beyond the Seas. The Tiltboat arrived about Midnight, and she is forced to go as far as a Tavern near the Royal Exchange with a Gentleman, whose civility to a supposed Stranger oblig'd him to take care for Lodging for her: There they find people up, and she and her Maid are housed for that Night: Next day, being drest very splendidly, she Complements her Landlady, and agrees to continue her Lodging there: she was brave in her Deportment, and Noble in her Expences, which tempted the woman of the house to be Inquisitive what she was, whilst she on all occasions industriously avoided the declaring of her Quality or Concerns, till finding the People wrought up to a high expectation, she writes two Letters, and desires the Woman to get them sent to the Forraign Post-house; who greedy of that opportunity, breaks them open, but finding them Dutch, is forced to call her Husband (who had formerly been in *Holland*) to read them; He finds one directed to a great Prince, by the Name of Brother: an other to her Steward, ordering great summs of Money, and other Gallantries to be returned and sent to her, and subscribed *Maria de Woolway*, Princess.

The Letters were sent away no body need care whether, and our witty stranger soon found the Plot had took, by the additional respects the whole Family paid to her new Vampi Highness. But the Vintners Wife was big with other thoughts, considering that if she could match this Illustrious person to some of her friends, she and her Husband would be made for ever. At last she pitches on her Cozen Mr. Chatter, formerly servant to a Scrivener, but then blushing the

Name of a Gentleman of the Temple; Him she sends for, and discovers the design; who is resolved to engage in it, but 'tis held absolutely necessary, he should pretend himself at least a Lord, to promote which, his Mother Contributes, and sets at liberty above a hundred long Imprisoned Angels.

Rich Cloaths are taken up, a Coach and Foot-boy in Livery hired, and a Noble Dinner bespoke at this Tavern for my Lord, whom the German Lady with many Increases was prevailed with to Honour with her Company. There several Compliments pass, in fine (to make short of a well known Story) after several Treats, and above two Hundred pounds spent in Courtship, they are Married, and take Noble Lodgings in the Strand, and Charlton fancies nothing less than to be made a Duke, or some strange Mamamouchy-Titulado; When all these Magnificent Dreams are disturb'd by a sorry Journeyman-Shoemaker: who coming in his Masters absence to bring her Highness some Shoes, knew her to be Wife to the before mentioned Shoemaker at *Canterbury*, with whom he had been Prentice; This he divulges amongst the Neighbours, and the Buze at last reaches Mr. Charlton's Fathers Ear, who being a wary old Gentleman, spake with the Fellow, and finding him persist in his assertion, gets a Warrant, and has her Pageant Highness before a Justice, where most of her Jewels are found Counterfeit, and she on a charge of having two Husbands, is committed to the Gate-house: There the Old Bricklayer hears tidings of her, and very kindly came to Inquire for his Wife: This she understanding dresses up another Woman that somewhat resembled her, to personate her: which she acted so to the life, that the Old man (though he made use of his Spectacles for that purpose) took her for

for the same, and discoursed with her for two hours accordingly, before the Keeper and several others.

Next Sessions our Princess is tryed at the Old Bawly for her Life, for having three Husbands: the Shoemaker, the Bricklayer, and Mr. Charlem: the last she owned, the first could not be found, the other was not much regarded, since it was proved he had charged another woman with it in the Prison, and therefore 'twas thought he Deoted, and did not know whom he have for his Wife.

Thus with applause she was Acquitted, and after acted her own part on the publique Theater in the Play made on that Occasion, called: *The General and the Princess*: but 'twas the General Vogue of the Wits, she acted much better to the life in the World, than on its Epilogue, the better, and therefore she soon left that, and for some time Employed her self in seizing silver wankards in all the Taverns and Victualling Houses about Town, taking Lodgings, making the Servants Drunk, and then silsing their Masters. At this sport she at last was Caught, and being Con- victed at the Sessions, was Transported into Virginia. There she kept up her Old Orandeur, lived high for some time, and then boldly returns for England, in despite of the Sentence.

Then she studies new Pranks, and amongst the rest this pleasant Adventure.

Understanding there was a young Apothecary to- wards Westminster, newly set up, with a very good Stock, she engages an Old Woman very often to go

for odd things to his Shop; who one day taking her opportunity, asks why he did not Marry; He replies, with all his heart, if he could meet with a Virtuous Woman, with any thing of a Fortune; Whereupon she told him she was very Intimate with a Gentlewoman, Neice to an Eminent Citizen in London, who kept her, and had Two Thousand pounds of hers, payable at the day of Marriage, in his hands: and tells him the Name, and where they lived, telling him he might Inquire of the truth of it; and that if he thought fit, she did not doubt but to bring her into his Company, and drive the Bargain between them: The young man Civilly thanked her, and next day made diligent Enquiry amongst some of this Citizens Neighbours, and finding all things as she had related, he longed to see his intended Mistress. But Mrs. Wheedle the Watchmaker first gets him to Seal a Bond of One Hundred Pound Penalty, to pay Fifty Pound on the day of their Marriage, and then appoints him a day for their meeting, but fails him once or twice, on purpose to heighten his Appetite, and at last brings him our Princess to see the Citizens Neice, whom he Treats Nobly, and several Meetings they had: In fine, she confess her kind Inclinations to him, which he no sooner heard, but in an Extasie of Joy he urges a Marriage forthwith, which she excuses for want of Cloaths, and alledged it was impossible she should get any from her Uncles without smocking the Design, whereupon in a gay humour he flings a Hundred Pieces into her Lap, and bids her provide what she pleased, being resolved before she returned to her Uncles, to Marry her.

Accordingly next morning Married they were, and having lain with him two Nights, she told him 'twas necessary she should go back to her Uncles, but desired him the next day to come and demand her, and her Portion, which she knew could not be denied him. He was well satisfied, and the next day went thither, Inquiring for the Grave Citizen, who demanding his business, he told him, he came there in a civil way to demand his Wife, who was in his House, and he hoped he would not keep her from him. The Old Gentleman started at this, inquires who was his Wife, he replies, your Neice, Sir: and you know there is a certain sum of Two Thousand Pound that in her right belongs to me, which I likewise expect.

The Old Man thinking by his confidence that it was too true, in a rage runs up stairs, and meeting his Neice, Oh you Baggage (quoth he) I thought this you would come to, there's your goodly Husband below come for you, e'n get you gone to him: The Girl that knew nothing of the matter, verily believed her Uncle was distracted, and began to vow she knew not any thing he meant. Nay, never deny it (says he) but be gone to him, and with that drags her by the Arm down stairs, and pushing her towards the Apothecary; Here take her, he cries, and leave my House: As for the Portion you speak of, I shall not so easily part with it, but endeavour to preserve something for her Children, if she have any: The Apothecary with this being no less surprized, cries: What mean you Sir! I never saw this Gentlewoman in my life before. This put them all into a greater maze, but at last the Apothecary telling all the Histories of his Amour, they concluded he was horribly cheated, and pitty, the help

helpless salve for misery, was all the comfort they could give him.

But now the Squib is almost run to the end of the Rope; *Post Varias Casus, Post tot discrimina rerum*: After these notorious Franks daily plaid by our Extravagant Black-Princes: Justice Orders her Apprehension, and after a tedious Search, she is taken in the County of Surry, and for some time detained in the *Blackbalseys*, thence brought to the Sessions in the Old Bayly, the 17th. of January, 1677. Where Sentence of Death was pronounced against her. Thus

*Bar aut cadentem Scelerum
Defensor Pana pede claudet.*

These wily Crimes, when varnish'd with success,
To us seem small, Heav'n comes them not the less;
For soon or late must proud Sinners come,
To their deserved Doom.



Her Epitaph.

Under this Canopy of Stone,
Who lies ? if you would have it known,
'Tis German Princess, no worse Biddy,
Come now to her last Hole, at Noddy :
She was a Woman Great and High-born,
But late advanc'd higher at Tyburn :
Where by the Hangman, and the Carter,
She was Instant a Lady e'th Garter :
She came a Lass, as far as Bantam,
And now she sleeps with Margret Trantam.

F I N I S.